The very bottome and the ſoule of Hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our Fortunes.
Dowg. Fayth, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweete reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in,
A comfort of rstirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and Miſchance looke big
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had been heere:
The qualitie and heire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your greate enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this deame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſen *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lo
The Earle of *Weſtmerland*, ſeauen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further, I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too; Where is his Son
The nimble-footed mad cap, *Prince of Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like Eſtriges, that with the winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittring in golden Coates like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midſomer;
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wild as young Buls:
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turn and winde a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witch the world with noble Horſe-manſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the Sunne in
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of ſmokie warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich repizall is ſo nigh:
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-boult,
Againſt the boſome of the *Prince of Wales*,